

THE RICHMOND CLIMAX.

10th YEAR

RICHMOND, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1914

NUMBER 36

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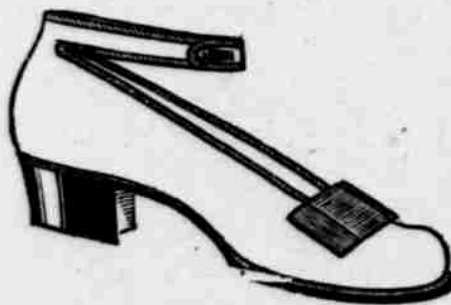
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The GOVERNOR'S LADY

A Novelization of Alice Bradley's Play
By GERTRUDE STEVENSON
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE STAGE PRODUCTION
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The story is a direct narrative of a fancied incompatibility between a self-made, iron-willed man and the humble, home-loving wife of his early struggles.

CHAPTER I.

Daniel Slade sat reading the evening newspaper in the handsomely appointed library of his spacious home. To all intents he was a man at peace with the world. He had money and power. He had advanced from a penniless miner to a millionaire figure in the business world. At fifty he was the fruits of a well-spent, energetic life. Handsome and immaculate in his perfectly tailored evening clothes, he fitted into the beautiful room with its rich tapestries and oriental rugs with all the ease and naturalness of a man born to culture and wealth.

Every now and then his eyes wandered from his newspaper to the figure of his wife sitting at the other side of the richly carved table. The tiny, unimposing little woman in her badly cut, dun-colored gown was the one incongruous detail in the room. She was like a shabby little prairie flower suddenly transplanted to a conservatory where brilliant orchids and lovely roses bloomed all about her, her faint little fragrance overpowered by their heavy sweetness—her delicate loveliness completely submerged by very contrast with the radiant beauty of her surroundings.

To Slade's critical eyes, the dowdy little figure, with the work basket in her lap and her head bent over the stocking she was contentedly darning, was an actual eyesore. He had fitted up a magnificent home that would have made a perfect setting for a princess, and his wife's appearance had not changed a particle from the days when they lived in a tumble-down cottage and he worked in the mines in his shirt-sleeves. With the getting of vast amounts of money he had acquired a veneer of manners and tastes that at times failed to conceal the rough and brutal instincts of the real man. His social horizon was enlarging, but within it his wife seemed to find no place. He wanted, beyond this and everything, to climb the political tree and pick the fruits thereof. His wife seemed not to know that there was such a thing as a political tree to climb. With herself, her husband and her work she was contented and happy.

The wives of other men of his position were social queens noted for their beautiful gowns, their entertaining and their clever wit. He alone was shackled to a woman he would have been ashamed to introduce to his friends. Only he was tied to a wife he could not force either by pleading or argument to enter into the life which meant so much to him.

Tonight as he rehearsed in his mind his many unsuccessful efforts to make Mary advance and take an interest in his life as it was now, rebellion surged in his heart. He had struggled year after year to attain his present standing, his present position in the world, and Mary, the one loved thing of his life, insisted on hanging like a millstone around his neck.

Why, oh, why, couldn't the woman progress? Why hadn't she developed as he had done? Why was she contentedly sitting there satisfied to remain just as she had been twenty years ago, hopelessly behind the times? And

if she wouldn't advance—why should he consent to be held back by her? If she wouldn't go on with him—he would leave her behind. The thought and the resultant decision had their birth suddenly but positively in the man's mind. He would make one more argument, one last appeal. If Mary wouldn't meet him half way, Mary could stay behind with her everlasting darning and her eternal knitting. She could wash and cook and stew and sew, if she liked, but she couldn't do it in his mansion.

But Daniel Slade was no more uncomfortable at having her there than Mary Slade was at being obliged to live in this great, elegant house, with its crowds of servants and its routine, absolutely foreign and well-nigh hateful to her. She knew she didn't fit into her surroundings. She realized her own inharmonious. Her attempts to look natural and feel comfortable were pathetic. She felt lost without the task of overseeing the Monday's washing. She was heart-broken because she couldn't personally superintend the making of Dan's coffee. Her life was incomplete because a hired cook made the bread that was served on the table and because Dan never seemed to miss the evenly brown loaves that had been her especial pride in the old days.

Mary Slade was as commonplace as a cup of boiled tea. She was a plain, ordinary, everyday woman, who loved a simple, unpretentious life, with the neighbors dropping in for a word or two, exchanging recipes for muffins and debating the proper way to season a stew.

There was neither charm nor comfort for her in the vista of rooms opening out from the spacious library. The brocade chairs were straight and didn't rock. They were high-posted and stilted compared to her own low-seated little rocker in the cottage. When she sat back in them, stiffly and awkwardly, her feet didn't even reach the floor, but dangled restlessly above the priceless rug that was one of her husband's newest purchases.

All big crises in life are the results of trifles. It took the merest incident to crystallize Slade's thought into action. Mary had picked up a portion of the paper after it had dropped from her husband's hands. She started to read the printed page with all the serious importance of a little child trying to do something very big and grown-up.

Suddenly her eyes lighted with pleasure and a tender smile of pride and delight illuminated her features. In turning the pages she had suddenly discovered a picture of her husband, under which she read a simple but significant line:

"Daniel S. Slade, a Possible Governor."

"Oh, Dan," she cried, happily. "Isn't this a fine picture of you. I could almost imagine it was going to speak to me."

Then she paused a little wistfully and doubtfully before she asked: "But do you really want to be governor?"

be—when that was his one ambition, the one thing he had yet to achieve! He sighed wearily to himself. That Mary could ask that question was the best proof of how irrevocably they had drifted apart. Living in the same house with him, eating at the same table, day after day at his side, the little woman knew no more of his real self or his ambitions than the merest stranger.

"It's a nice story about yer, Dan," Mary went on, all unconscious of the struggle going on just a few feet away from her—the struggle between the heart of a man that calls out to the companion of his youth, the sharer of his joys and struggles and the brain



She Was a Shabby Little Prairie Flower Transplanted to a Conservatory.

of a man that demands the glory of power and the fulfillment of ambition. "But, Dan," questioned Mary's gentle little voice, "who's The Governor's Lady?"

"His wife, of course," snapped Slade. "What does it say about you?" He reached over and took the paper from her hands, leaned forward eagerly toward the light and frowned as he read:

"Should Daniel S. Slade, the ex-miner, ex-town marshal, ex-sheriff, ex-United States marshal, ex-land boomer and multimillionaire, arrive, it will be (Continued on Page 2)

Our Best Seller.

We are selling more of Meritol Eczema Remedy than all the others put together. This large sale is due to the fact that it is a preparation of unusual merit, made expressly for one purpose, eczema in its various forms. If you are afflicted with this loathsome disease, do not delay using Meritol Eczema Remedy. Price 50c and 1.00. Wines' Drug Store, Exclusive Agency.

A Fine Jack.

One of the finest jacks sold in that section, is recorded by the Stanford Interior Journal. The jack was purchased by Mr. R. L. Hubble, of Lincoln County and Mr. Mack B. Rabanks of Boyle County. Price paid \$1,000.

Pure Indian Runner Duck Eggs, 50c a setting. Mrs. C. W. Cobb, Red House, Ky.

Wanted Wool.

Don't forget that A. L. Gott is in the wool business and pays the highest prices for poultry. He has been in the business 18 years and knows how to treat his customers. 31-1f

No Liquor to be Used.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels has issued the following sweeping order:

"The use or introduction for drinking purposes of alcoholic liquors on board any naval vessel, or within any naval yard or station, is strictly prohibited and commanding officers will be held directly responsible for the enforcement of the order."

To have a fine healthy complexion—the liver must be active, the bowels regular and the blood pure. All this is brought about by using HERBINE. It thoroughly scourges the liver, stomach and bowels, puts the body in fine condition and restores that clear, pink and white complexion so much desired by ladies. Price 50c. Sold by Wines' Drug Store.

Derby Day, May 9.

Saturday, May 9, is Derby Day in Louisville. It is the fortieth anniversary of this day notable in sporting circles. More than ordinary interest is being taken in the event and more than the usual number of horses have been entered to contest for the honor. It is claimed that about \$150,000 represents the money value of the entries.

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